

THE YETI

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ONE

I have a new theory about why girls don't like me. It's a bit more sophisticated than my previous attempts at explaining this phenomenon, which ran along the lines of "girls don't like me because they're stupid," or, "girls don't like me because they can't understand that leg-humping is just my way of saying 'hi.'"

While these remain valid points to consider, I think my new theory really hits the nail on the head.

Girls don't like me because I make them think. Contrary to popular belief, girls don't actually like it when you're unique, or interesting, or when you ask them questions and then listen to their answers. Every single time I meet a girl, once we get past all the "what's-your-major-where-are-you-from" crap, and I steer the conversation towards something deeper like politics, religion, sex, anal sex, etc., she unfailingly loses all interest in me.

For example, take this girl I met during orientation. We'll call her Fido. During our first advisory meeting, I teased her a few times, and we giggled loudly for most of the meeting, much to the annoyance of our advisor, the hilariously named Patti Berger.

Then I spent the remainder of summer break sitting on the floor of my unfurnished, dark apartment, fantasizing about being friends with Fido. I can remember more glorious days when I used to fantasize about having sex with all the girls I met in class. Now I get off on the idea of making a friend.

Anyways, the week of obsessive exercise and joyless masturbation went by, and school started. My prayers were answered—I have two classes with her! And she wanted me to sit with her! We got along really well, at first. We discussed our mixed feelings about CU, our screwed up parents, why we wanted to be psychologists, and other interesting, engaging topics.

That's when I noticed the girl sitting on my other side. We'll call her Cookie. Cookie is

very pretty. She smiled at me. I was filled with euphoria. She and I chatted briefly, but I mostly was interested in Fido. Cookie stayed quiet, and every once in a while I would turn and say something friendly to her, which she would excitedly gobble up.

I enjoyed this moment of popularity as best I could, even though I knew that once we actually got a chance to talk I would ask them really personal questions and tell them my nightmares and, eventually, give them a play-by-play of my preteen homoerotic experiences.

It's like I have Tourette's, only worse.

Our break between classes lasted forty-five minutes, but it only took about ten for both of them to stop liking me. I noticed the first marked decline in my popularity when they asked me if I drink a lot, to which I responded that I don't drink at all. They began to regard me with suspicion. Fido proudly stated that she likes to black out almost every night. This put Cookie at ease, somehow. My abstinence must be more off-putting than her alcoholism simply because it is less common.

Fido asked me if I didn't drink for religious reasons. I said I wasn't religious. Cookie, a Catholic, nervously shifted closer to Fido, and asked her if *she* was religious, but Fido was an atheist, too. Cookie looked like the Pope at a gay bar.

Now they didn't like me or each other. The atmosphere had become quiet and uncomfortable, so I decided to lighten things up with an anecdote.

I told them about the time that my freshman-year roommate at CSU went to the director of housing and told him that he wanted me to be kicked out of our room because he thought I was watching him sleep and trying to see him naked when he got dressed in the morning. Fido and Cookie apparently failed to realize how funny my story was. Instead, they looked at the ground uncomfortably.

As I sat between them, in awe of the

unbelievable discomfort I had just caused them, some guy waved to Fido from the steps in front of our classroom. She waved back. Fido was excited and relieved to see him. She introduced us. His name is Ass-Head. We shook hands. I instantly hated Ass-Head.

For some reason, probably because I have no friends, I sat with them. Ass-Head immediately started talking. He talked about himself, and movies he's seen, and TV shows he's watched, and classes he's taking, and parties he's been to, and he just talked and talked and talked. The girls were completely entranced, and they didn't pay any attention to me at all during his monologue.

I was fuming. My mind was going a mile a minute, wondering how this complete tool could possibly be more interesting to any girl than me. He didn't even treat them like human beings: he didn't make eye contact with them, he didn't listen to anything they said, and he never

even asked them a single question.

That's when it hit me. Girls like Ass-Head *because* he doesn't ask them questions. They're more comfortable with him *because* he doesn't listen when they speak. There's no pressure on them to think of interesting things to say because he doesn't want them to say anything at all. They just have to sit there and point their breasts at him and smile that fake, toxic smile.

And then I could see why, in a world where women are powerless objects, it's easy for Fido and Cookie to seek approval from Ass-Head, a guy who expects them to be objects, and hard to talk to me, a smart, attractive, funny, sensitive, attentive, honest guy who pushes girls to think and asks them questions that are hard to answer, like "What do you want to do with your life?" or, "Can I borrow some of your dirty underwear?"

That's right, friends and neighbors.

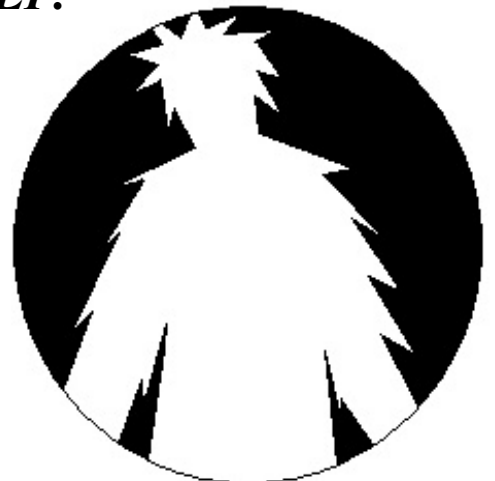
I can't get chicks because I'm a feminist.

THREE IMPORTANT THINGS TO THINK ABOUT:

1. When my dad called me in Massachusetts and told me he'd found me a place next to a sorority house on the Hill, I immediately bought a telescope.

2. How is it that literally eighty percent of the girls here all have the exact same sunglasses? How can you tell each other apart? Or does it not matter?

3. Don't go to sleep. They get you in your SLEEP.



QUESTIONS OR COMMENTS?

EMAIL ME: YETIPAPER@HOTMAIL.COM